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Current Comment

No Need for Birth Control

The recent tragedy at a Mountain View grade crossing brings us another opportunity to say a few words on our pet subject. We have kept tab on grade crossing fatalities during the past several weeks and the total of dead and injured is startling. In fact, it occurs to us that advocates of birth control may well spare themselves further anxiety about the overpopulation of the world—at least until something has been done about the existing conditions of rail and highway crossings. Of course, it would be less painful to control birth rates, but we can keep the human race nicely weeded out through the medium of grade crossings and other road hazards.

It is a popular belief that only careless people come to grief on railroad tracks, but that belief is not well founded. There are many chances for careful drivers to be wiped out on the crossings. The writer is considered a very careful driver (we have a deep regard for our own hide) and yet we are constantly afraid we'll make a slip some fine dark night. Have you ever been cruising along a strange road and had a pair of headlights nearly blind you—just when you thought you were right on top of a grade crossing? We have. Have you ever seen a train cross the highway and then looked at the wig-wag, only to see it silent and motionless? We have.

As long as highways cross railroad tracks, people will be killed by trains—fools and careful people both. The remedy is obvious and is being accomplished in some instances, but that is not enough. Of course, it costs a great deal of money to separate rails and roads, but if the money which is now spent on new highways—not streets—were applied to this work, it would take only a few years to do up the job. We already have roads enough to handle existing traffic, if that traffic moves rapidly and sanely.

Summary Justice

The law moves rapidly in Mexico—when it moves at all. Three members of a bandit gang of eight men who had held up a payroll car were shot by a firing squad shortly after the robbery. In Guatemala murder is avenged by the death of every person at all connected with the crime, sometimes entire families paying with their lives for the murder of a single person. A quaint custom in connection with the early extermination of murderers is that they are returned to the scene of their crime for execution. Sometimes executions occur within an hour of the murder. The laws present few loopholes.

He's a Smart Man

Prohibition Commissioner James Doran, in San Francisco recently, says he finds less and less violation of the liquor laws. Mr. Doran must be blind in one eye and able to see very little with the other. People are drinking and serving liquor as much or more than they were five years ago, and we believe it is a practise that will continue to grow. Mr. Doran is here to ascertain what becomes of the juice grape crop. He says if it is going into wine, California vinters must cease the squeezing of the grape. James is letting himself in for quite a job.—That's all.

Former Campbellite Wins Richmond Net Championship; 5 Sets

The following item from a bay region journal will be of interest to many Campbell people and particularly to some of those men who in years past have been much at home on the local tennis courts:

Clare Bryant, engineering department, Richmond refinery, defeated L. S. Fish, main office, Richmond refinery, for the singles championship of the refinery, in the finals played on the municipal courts at Richmond. The scores in the thrilling five-set match were as follows: 6-3, 7-9, 3-6, 6-4 and 9 7.

Bryant's victory also gives him temporary possession of the manager's silver trophy, which has been in competition for the last three years. Fish has two wins on the trophy and Bryant one, the trophy requiring three wins for permanent possession.

FREE GETS HIGHER TARIFF ON PRUNES; ACTIVE ON OTHERS

The humble prune has at last established its social, economical and political standing in Washington. For many years the dried prune has carried a tariff of but one-half cent per pound, while dried apricots, dried peaches, dried pears and dried apples have carried a tariff of two cents per pound.

The Pamona Grange of Santa Clara County called this matter to the attention of Congressman A. M. Free of the eighth district of California, and asked him to make an effort to get the duty on dried prunes increased; so the Congressman undertook the task. He contended that the prune, though wrinkled and formerly considered only for the table of the proverbial boarding house, has now come into such social prominence that it occupies a place in the dining rooms of the best hotels, steamships and dining cars throughout the country and that it is entitled to a place along with other fruits which are its competitor for social prestige.

So, after a careful presentation of the matter before the senate finance committee, that committee has at last decided that the prune shall have its equal place in the fruit world and has agreed on a tariff of two cents per pound on dried prunes.

At various times the American market has been threatened by importations of dried prunes, particularly from Serbia.

Active in Cherry Tariff Fight

A real battle is being staged before the finance committee of the senate in regard to the tariff on cherries. Senator Shortridge of California is leading the fight in the committee for the cherry interests and is assisted by Congressman A. M. Free, who testified befor the committee and submitted a great amount of data and several briefs on behalf of the cherry interests.

When the bill passed the house it carried a rate of 2 cents per pound on cherries in their natural state and dried cherries; five and one-half cents per pound on cherries sulphured, or in brine, with pits; and nine and one-hafe cents per pound on cherries, sulphured or in brine, with pits removed. It also carried a rate of five and one-half cent per pound and 40 per cent ad valorem on maraschino, candied or glace cherries.

After the testimony of Mr. Free, the committee increased the rate on dried cherries from two to six cents per pound, and on frozen cherries to two cents per pound, but put in a classification of cherries, sulphured or in brine, in size more than 900 to the gallon, with pits, three cents per pound; with pits removed, four cents per pound.

Senator Edge of New Jersey led the fight for this new classification which will mean that the small Italian cherries will continue to come into this country at the low rate. The contention was made that small cherries which are used by eastern manufacturers are not grown in sufficient quantity in the United States. Senator Shortridge and Congressman Free gathered a great deal of material on this subject and have, they believe, demonstrated that we are growing all the cherries of small size needed.

Senator Shortridge is asking for a rehearing on this matter before the committee. If the committee does not remove this iniquitous classification, the matter will be carried before the senate and even if that should fail, Congressman Free believes that the house conferees, when the bill comes back to the house, will insist upon removing this classification and will place a duty of five and one-half cents per pound on cherries, sulphured or in brine, with pits, and nine and one-half cents per pound on cherries, sulphured or in brine, pits removed, without regard to the size of the cherries.

The importing interests have some strong advocates on the committee and the attitude of Senator Smoot of Utah, chairman of the committee, has been very disappointing to California agricultural interests. It was thought he would be a real advocate of proper agricultural tariffs, but his attitude has been for a reduction rather than an increase on most of the California items.

Our World Is Growing Smaller — *By Albert T. Reid*

We Are All Investors

SINCE the World war, the American people have shown more interest in investments than ever before. The Liberty loans, in addition to rendering most valuable assistance in time of great need, also taught millions of American citizens some of the primary essentials of investment. With each succeeding year, an increasing interest by the American people in investment has been found. From Liberty bonds the large and small investor has become actively engaged in the purchase of all types of bonds, common and preferred stocks. Within the last decade we have become a nation of stockholders.

When people invest a part of their earnings in a business they support that business in every possible manner in an effort to increase the value of their investment. The wise investors not only demand a return on the investment but they study the progress of the corporations in which they are stockholders and put forth every effort to further the interests of those corporations.

Now let's bring the generality home to our town of Campbell. Everyone here is a "stockholder" in our town. And according to the statistics we see that the average man in the average community is spending 71 per cent of his income at home. If we are doing that now, it is fine. If we are doing better, it is still finer. But if we are not, here is a chance to add thousands of dollars at once to the community wealth of Campbell.

Just in the ordinary business of living, every one of us, remembering if we are average, is spending 71 cents out of every dollar earned right here at home. Basing this investment on a minimum standard of living, about $2,000 a year, we "invest" $1,420 in our town. And if we stay here, or have been here 15 years, the length of time statistics say the average man stays, we own $21,300 worth of stock in our town.

Are we important to our community? Yes, every one of us—for every one holds an interest in the business of our town which makes him an important factor in keeping the town in business.

With national figures showing that the average period of residence in one locality is fifteen years, those of us who are only receiving the minimum standard income spend $21,300 in Campbell during that period. Most of us spend more.

Our investment in this community, therefore, is a very sizable one. Each year we are becoming bigger stockholders. Has the investment brought us the return it should in the past? Will it bring us a satisfactory return in the future? The answer depends entirely upon us, the stockholders in Campbell. IF EVERY CITIZEN will co-operate in the community development campaign, we will have a more prosperous community, and enjoy rich dividends from our community investment.

Ruth Matteson Flies From L. A. To Bay

Miss Ruth Matteson, accompanied by her father, came up from Los Angeles via the air route in order for Miss Matteson to keep her engagement with the troup with which she plays at an Oakland theater.

At the close of the Oakland show Miss Matteson will return to Portland, Ore., where she will resume her lead with the Henry Duffy players of that city.

CAMPBELL SCHOOLS WILL OPEN SEPT. 16 SAY SCHOOL HEADS

The Campbell schools will open Monday, Sept. 16, according to the high school principal, D. H. Cramer, and I. R. Abbott, superintendent of the grammar school.

The faculty of the high school remains the same with one exception. Miss Muriel Carson will replace Mrs. Marion Howes. M. Buchanan is the new cadet in the agricultural department.

In the grammar school Lloyd Berry will teach manual training. Mr. Berry is from Santa Clara and was last year in charge of productive labor at Montezuma. Mrs. Lillian Roberts, also of Santa Clara, will be on the staff. Mrs. Roberts taught in the local school the first half of last year.

Mrs. A. C. Girard is the new school nurse, replacing Mrs. Barrett.

BOY SCOUTS OF 3 COUNTIES SECURE IDEAL CAMP SITE

The boy scouts of Santa Clara, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties recently made the purchase of a 388 acre tract near Swanton to be used for a vacation camp site. It is, according to reports, an ideal location, being in a wooded, mountainous country with plenty of water on the place.

A lodge and administration office will be located on a meadow. The dining hall, kitchen and storeroom will be adjacent to the administration building. Troops will have individual camps at various points in the preserve.

The property was purchased from G. M. Locatelli of Boulder Creek for the sum of $6,500.

Water Concervation Association Gets Busy On Water District

A score of petitions calling for a special election for the formation of a water conservation district was distributed to members of the Santa Clara Valley Water Conservation association and the chamber of commerce at the meeting in San Jose Saturday.

Securing of 500 signatures on the petitions began immediately so that they may be submitted to the board of supervisors Sept. 2 If the petitions are found sufficient on examination by the county clerk, the supervisors are required to set the date of an election at which proposals to form a water conservation district will be submitted to vote. At the same time each of seven sub-districts would elect a director.

If the district is authorized at the election the directors will meet in time to prepare and submit a budget to the board of supervisors by Aug. 15, 1930.

Rev. George Cowles, Missionary, Dead In Durban, So. Africa

Word was received in the United States last Friday of the death in Durban, South Africa, Aug. 21, of Rev. George B. Cowles, missionary, well known by many Campbell people.

Mr. Cowles' death followed a long illness. He is survived by a widow and two daughters and two sons, one of the latter, according to reports, being a member of the faculty of the University of California.

Ensign Burr Speaks To Local Grangers

Ensign Burr will be the chief speaker at the meeting of the Orchard City Grange this Tuesday evening. His subject will be, "The Causes and Prevention of Crime."

Mr. Burr is an officer in the Salvation Army and was for eight years chaplain of the federal prison at McNeil's island.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by

Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

WNU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman who tells the story, leaves his mother and brother, Garry, to seek his fortune. At San Francisco, practically penniless, he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. The Prodigal is anxious to join the rush of gold seekers into Alaska, and Meldrum agrees to go with him after he (the Prodigal) comes back from a visit to his wealthy father in the East. Athol, in great need is befriended by Jim Hubbard ("Salvation Jim").

CHAPTER II—Continued

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"I was always a fighter, an' I never knew what fear meant. I never saw the man that could beat me in a rough-an'-tumble scrap. I was uncommon husky an' as quick as a cat, but it was by fierceness that won out for me. I've gone up unarmed to a man I knew was heeled to shoot me on sight, an I've dared him to do it. Just by the power of the eye I've made him take water. Then, as the drink got hold of me, I got worse and worse. Glory to God! I've seen the evil of my ways."

I wish I could paint or act the man for you. Words cannot express his curious character. I came to have a great fondness for him and certainly owed him a huge debt of gratitude.

One day I was paying my usual visit to the post office, when some one gripped me by the arm.

"Hullo, Scotty! By all that's wonderful. I was just going to mail you a letter."

It was the Prodigal, very well dressed and spruce-looking.

"Say, I'm so tickled I got you; we're going to start in two days."

"Start! Where?" I asked.

"Why, to the Golden North, for the land of the Midnight Sun, for the treasure-troves of the Klondike Valley."

"You may be," I said soberly; "but I can't."

"Yes you can, and you are, old sport. I fixed all that. Come on. I want to talk to you. I went home and did the returned prodigal stunt. The old man was mighty decent when I told him it was no good. I couldn't go into the glue factory yet awhile. He staked me handsomely and gave me a year to make good. So here I am, and you're in with me. I'm going to grubstake you. Mind, it's a business proposition. I've got to have some one, and when you make the big strike you've got to divvy up Of course, if you're afraid of hard ships and so on—"

"No," I said quickly, "I'll go."

"Ha!" he laughed, "you're too much of a coward to be afraid. Well, we've got to get busy over our outfit. We haven't got any too much time."

I bethought me of Salvation Jim and I told the Prodigal of my new friend.

"Why," said the Prodigal, "that's just the man we want. We'll ask him to join us."

I brought the two together and it was arranged. So it came about that we three left San Francisco on the fourth day of March to seek our fortunes in the Frozen North.

CHAPTER III

"SAY, you're looking mighty blue. Cheer up, darn you! What's the matter?" said the Prodigal affectionately.

And indeed there was matter enough, for had I not just received letters from home, one from Garry and one from mother? Garry's was grave, censorious, almost remonstrant. He pointed out that I was in a fair way of becoming a rolling stone, and hoped that I would at once give up my mad notion of the South seas and soberly proceed to the Northwest.

Mother's letter was reproachful, in parts almost distressful. She was failing, she said, and she begged me to be a good son, give up my wanderings and join my cousin at once. Also she enclosed post office orders for forty pounds Her letter, written in a fine faltering hand and so full of gentle affection, brought the tears to my eyes; so that it was very bleakly I leaned against the ship's rail and watched the bustle of departure.

"I've just heard from the folks," I said, "and I feel like going back on you."

"Oh, beat it," he cried; "you can't renig now. You've got to see the thing through. What you want to do is to get busy and make yourself acquainted. Say! Of all the locoed outfits this here aggregation has got everything else skinned to a hard-boiled finish. They've got a notion they've just got to get up there and pick big nuggets out of the water like cherries out of a cocktail. It's the limit."

Our eyes roved round from group to group, picking out characteristic figures.

Salvation Jim was talking to two men.

"There's a pair of winners. I put my money on them. Native-born Americans, all grit and get-up. See the tall one smoking a cigar and looking at the woman? He's an athlete. Name's Mervin. See the other. Hewson's his name; solid as a tower; muscled like a bear; built from the ground up. You can't down a man like that."

He indicated another group.

"Now there's three birds of prey. Bullhammer, Marks and Mosher. The big, pig-eyed heavy-joweled one is Bullhammer. He's in the saloon business. The middle-sized one in the plug hat is Marks; calls himself a mining broker. The third's Jim Mosher. He's an out-and-out gambler, a sure-thing man, once was a parson."

"A bad-looking bunch," I said.

"Yes, there's heaps like them on board. Just get next to those two Jews, Mike and Rebecca Winklestein. They're going to open up a sporty restaurant."

The man was a small bandy-legged creature, with eyes that squinted, a complexion like ham fat and waxed mustaches. But it was the woman who seized my attention. Never did I see such a strapping Amazon, six foot if an inch, and massive in proportion. She was handsome, too, in a swarthy way, though near at hand her face was sensuous and cold. Dangerous; a man-woman, a shrew, a termagant!

But I was growing weary of the crowd and longed to go below. I was no longer interested, yet the voice of the Prodigal droned in my ear.

"There's an old man and his granddaughter, relatives of the Winklesteins, I believe. I think the old fellow's got a screw loose. Comes from Portland. Speaks Yiddish or some such jargon. Only English he knows is 'Klondike, Klondike.' The girl looks heart-broken, poor little beggar. You're not listening to what I'm saying. Look, why don't you!"

So, to please him, I turned full round and looked. An old man, patriarchal in aspect, crouched on the deck. Erect by his side, with her hand on his shoulder, stood a slim figure in black. Indifferently my eyes traveled from her feet to her face. There they rested. I drew a deep breath. I forgot everything else. Then for the first time I saw—Berna.

I will not try to depict the girl. Pen descriptions are so futile. I will only say that her face was very pale, and that she had large pathetic gray eyes. 'Twas the face, I thought, of a virgin martyr with a fear-haunted look hard to forget.

"Poor little beggar!"

Then I cursed myself for a sentimental impressionist and I went below. Stateroom forty-seven was mine. We three had been separated in the shuffle, and I knew not who was to be my room-mate. Feeling very downhearted I stretched myself on the upper berth, and yielded to a mood of penitential sadness. As I lay, there came violent voices to my door, guttural tones blended with liquid ones; lastly a timid knock. Quickly I answered it. "Is this room number forty-seven?" a soft voice asked.

Even ere she spoke I divined it was the Jewish girl of the gray eyes.

"Yes," I answered her.

She led forward the old man.

"This is my grandfather. The steward told me this was his room."

"Oh, all right; he'd better take the lower berth."

"Thank you, indeed; he's an old man and not very strong."

Her voice was clear and sweet, and there was an indefinite tenderness in the tone

"You must come in," I said. "I'll leave you with him for a while so that you can make him comfortable."

"Thank you again," she responded gratefully.

So I withdrew, and when I returned she was gone; but the old man slept peacefully.

It was late before I turned in. Every one had gone below, I thought, and the loneliness pleased me.

Suddenly I heard a sound of sobbing, the merciless sobbing of a woman's breast. Wonderingly I looked around. Then, in a shadow of the upper deck, I made out a slight girlish figure, crouching all alone. It was Grey Eyes, crying fit to break her heart.

"Poor little beggar!" I muttered

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"Gr-r-r—you little brat! If you open your face to him I'll kill you, see!"

The voice was Madam Winklestein's, and the words, hissed in a whisper of incredible malignity, arrested me as if I had been struck by a live wire. I listened.

"See here, Berna, we're next to you two—we're onto your curves We know the old man's got the stuff in his gold-belt, two thousand in bills. Now, my dear, my sweet little angel, we need the mon, see!" (Knock, knock.) "And we're goin' to have it, see!" (Knock, knock.) "That's where you come in, honey, you're goin' to get it for us. Ain't you now, darlin'!" (Knock, knock, knock.)

Faintly I heard a voice.

"No."

If it be possible to scream in a whisper the woman did it.

"You will! you will! Oh! oh! oh! There's the cursed mule spirit of your mother in you. She'd never tell us the name of the man that was the ruin of 'er, blast 'er."

"Don't speak of my mother, you vile woman!"

The voice of the virago contracted to an intensity of venom I have never heard the equal of.

"Vile woman! Vile woman! You, you call me a vile woman, me, that's been three times jined in holy wedlock. . . . Oh, you brat! You whelp of sin! You misbegotten scum! Oh, I'll fix you for that, if I've got to swing for it."

Her scalding words were clipped with an oath too foul to repeat, and then came a horrible pounding, like a head striking the woodwork. Unable to bear it any longer, I rapped sharply on the door.

Silence, a long, panting silence; then the sound of a falling body; the door opened a little and the twitching face of Madam appeared.

"Is there somebody sick?" I asked. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I was thinking I heard groans and—I might be able to do something."

Piercingly she looked at me. "Why, no! my niece in here's got a toothache, but I guess we can fix it between us. We don't need no help, thanks, young feller."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "If you should, you know, I'll be nearby."

Then I moved away, conscious that her eyes followed me malevolently.

The business worried me sorely. The poor girl was being woefully abused, that was plain. I felt indignant, angry and, last of all, anxious. Mingled with my feelings was a sense of irritation that I should have been elected to overhear the affair. I had no desire just then to champion distressed

The Wild Music Throbbed With Passionate Sweetness and Despair.

damsels, least of all to get mixed up in the family brawls of unknown Jewesses. Confound her anyway! I almost hated her. Yet I felt constrained to watch and wait, and even at the cost of my own ease and comfort to prevent further violence.

For that matter there were all kinds of strange doings on board, drinking, gambling, nightly orgies and hourly brawls. It seemed as if we had shipped all the human dregs of the San Francisco deadline.

Is I sat in silent thought there came to me Salvation Jim. His face was grim, his eyes brooding.

"I don't like the way of things a bit," he said; "I don't like it. There's enough evil on this boat to stake a sub-section in hell. Sooner or later there's goin' to be a reckonin'. There's many a one shoutin' an' singin' tonight'll leave his bones to bleach up in that bleak wild land."

"No, Jim," I protested, "they will be all right once they get ashore."

"Right nothin'! You mark my words, young feller, for I'll never live to see them fulfilled—there's ninety in a hundred of all them fellers that's goin' to this here Klondike will never make good, an' of the other ten nine won't do no good. As for me, I feel as sure as God's above us guidin' us through the mazes of the night, I'll never live to make the trip back. I've got a hunch. Old Jim's on his last stampede."

He sighed, then said sharply:

"Did you see that feller that passed us?"

It was Mosher the gambler and ex-preacher.

"That man's a skunk, a renegade sky-pilot. I'm keepin' tabs on that man. Maybe him and me's got a score to settle one of them days. Maybe."

He went off abruptly, leaving me to ponder long over his gloomy words.

Although he was my room-mate, I had seen but little of the old Jew. He was abed before I retired and I was up and out ere he awoke. For the rest I avoided the two because of their obvious connection with the Winklesteins. Surely, thought I, she cannot be mixed up with those two and be everything that's all right. Yet there was something in the girl's clear eyes, and in the old man's fine face, that reproached me for my doubt.

What was there about this slip of a girl that interested me so? Ever and anon I found myself thinking of her. Was it the conversation I had overheard? Was it the mystery that seemed to surround her? Was it the irrepressible instinct of my heart for the romance of life? With the old man, despite our stateroom propinquity, I had made no advances. With the girl I had passed no further words.

But the gods of destiny act in whimsical ways. Doubtless the voyage would have finished without the betterment of our acquaintance; doubtless our paths would have parted, nevermore to cross; doubtless our lives would have been lived out to their fullness and this story never have been told—had it not been for the luckless fatality of the Box of Grapes.

Puget sound was behind us and we had entered on that great sea that stretches northward to the Arctic barrens. As we forged through the vague sea lanes, we were like a glittering trinket on the bosom of the night. Our mad merriment scarce ever abated. We were a blare of revelry and a blaze of light. Excitement mounted to fever heat.

But one there was who, amid all our unrest, remained cold, distant and alien—the Jewish girl, Berna. Even in the old man the gold fever betrayed itself in a visionary eye and a tremor of the lips; but the girl was a statue of patient resignation, a living reproof to our febrile and purblind imaginings.

The more I studied her, the more out of place she seemed in my picture, and, almost unconsciously, I found myself weaving about her a fabric of romance. I longed to know her uncommon well, to win her regard, to do something for her that should make her eyes rest very kindly on me. In short, as in the way of young men, I was beginning to grope blindly for that affection and sympathy which are the forerunners of passion and love.

That day I had missed the old man, and on going below, found him lying as one sore stricken.

"Poor old beggar," I thought; "I wonder if I cannot do anything for him." And while I was thus debating a timid knock came to the door. I opened it, and there was the girl, Berna.

There was a nervous anxiety in her manner, and a mute interrogation in her gray eyes.

"I'm afraid he's a little sick today," I said gently; "but come in, won't you, and see him?"

"Thank you." With some words of endearment she fell on her knees beside him, and her small white hand sought his thin gnarled one. As if galvanized into life, the old man turned gratefully to her.

"Maybe he would care for some coffee," I said. "I think I could rustle him some."

She gave me a queer, sad look of thanks.

"If you could," she answered.

When I returned she had the old man propped up with pillows. She took the coffee from me, and held the cup to his lips; but after a few sips he turned away wearily.

"I'm afraid he doesn't care for that," I said.

"No, I'm afraid he won't take it. Oh, if I only had some fruit!"

Then it was I bethought me of the box of grapes. I had bought them just before leaving, thinking they would be a grateful surprise to my companions. Obviously I had been inspired, and now I produced them in triumph, big, plump, glossy fellows, buried in the fragrant cedar dust. I shook clear a large bunch, and once more we tried the old man. It seemed as if we had hit on the one thing needful, for he ate eagerly. When he had finished and was resting quietly, she turned to me.

"I don't know how I can thank you, sir, for your kindness."

"Very easily," I said quickly; "if you will yourself accept some of the fruit, I shall be more than repaid."

She gave me a dubious look; then such a bright, merry light flashed into her eyes that she was radiant in my sight.

"If you will share them with me," she said simply.

So, for the lack of chairs, we squatted on the narrow stateroom floor, under the old man's kindly eye. She ate daintily, and as we talked, I studied her face as if I would etch it on my memory forever.

It must be remembered, lest I appear to be taking a too eager interest in the girl, that up till now the world of woman had been terra incognita to me; that I had lived at singularly cloistered life, and that first and last I was an idealist. This girl had distinction, mystery and charm, and it is not to be wondered at that I found a joy in her presence. Her mind seemed nimbly to outrun mine, and she divined my words ere I had them uttered. Yet she never spoke of herself, and when I left them together I was full of uneasy questioning.

It was on the third day I found the old man up and dressed, and Berna with him. She looked brighter and happier than I had yet seen her, and she greeted me with a smiling face. Then, after a little she said:

"My grandfather plays the violin. Would you mind if he played over some of our old-country songs? It would comfort him."

"No, go ahead," I said; "I wish he would."

So she got an ancient violin, and the old man cuddled it lovingly and played soft, weird melodies, songs of the Czech race, that made me think of romance, of love and hate, and passion and despair.

The wild music throbbed with passionate sweetness and despair. Unobserved, the pale twilight stole into the little cabin. The ruggedly fine face of the old man was like one inspired, and with clasped hands, the girl sat, very white-faced and motionless. Then I saw a gleam on her cheek, the soft falling of tears. I felt as if I had been allowed to share with them a few moments consecrated to their sorrow, and that they knew I understood.

That day, as I was leaving, I said to her:

"Berna, this is our last night on board."

"Yes."

"Tomorrow our trails divide, maybe never again to cross. Will you come up on deck for a little while tonight? I want to talk to you."

"Talk to me?"

She looked startled, incredulous. She hesitated.

"Please, Berna, it's the last time."

"All right," she answered in a low tone.

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She came to meet me, lily-white and sweet. She was but thinly wrapped, and shivered so that I put my coat around her.

"Berna!"

"Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Says Robert Frost: "Good fences make good neighbors."—Farm and Fireside.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Brownieland

The Brownies, Gnomes, Oaf family, Bogey family, Elves, Fairies and Goblins were all having a most exciting time.

Such a Jolly Bonfire.

They had heard that Witty Witch and old Mr. Giant were burning up all the dunce caps that had ever been made.

"Tell us all about what you are doing," they said, as they all arrived to visit Old Mr. Giant and Witty Witch.

"We have been going all around finding every dunce cap we could and burning it up.

"You see they were used in olden times when it was thought children had been stupid.

"Now we have discovered that one person may be stupid at one thing and not at another, and we don't think dunce caps are fair.

"There are not many around now and we are thankful for that.

"But we wanted to be sure they were all destroyed so we have been doing this.

"We have had such a jolly bonfire. It has kept us warm and it has made us glow with the feeling that all those horrid things were burnt up.

"Oh, it has been such fun."

All of the Fairies and Brownies and the others were delighted, and they told Witty Witch and old Mr. Giant how fine it has been of them to do all this.

"Now," said old Mr. Giant, "we have some of the glow from our bonfire so we are going to roast chestnuts."

They told stories, they sang and they danced, and they played games.

Witty Witch gave them a most excellent supper of all sorts of goodies, in addition to the roasted chestnuts.

And after the supper was over old Mr. Moon came out and looked at them and said:

"Quite a party, eh?"

'Yes, Mr. Moon," they answered, and we have been burning dunce caps."

"What are they?" Mr. Moon asked, and they told him.

"I never had to wear one," said Mr. Moon, and they all laughed for the thought of the moon with a dunce cap was indeed a funny one.

"We hope no one will ever have to wear one, for we think it is mean to single out anyone for wearing a dunce cap," Witty Witch said.

After the party was over they all went back to Brownieland and Billie Brownie and his brother performed some of the most marvelous tricks you ever saw in your life.

Most Marvelous Tricks.

Even the Moon was very much impressed, and you know that is a great compliment, for the Moon had had a long life in which to look down upon many wonders.

They turned splendid somersaults, and did more tricks than ever you would see in a circus.

It was very late when the party broke up in Brownieland and how happy every one was.

It was just the nicest afternoon and evening that had ever been had in a long, long time.

Don't you think it sounds as though it had been very, very nice?

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lucky Black Cat

Two balls of black wool, one a little larger than the other, form the basis of a novel, home-made black cat. Fix the two together, the smaller on the larger, by means of a needle and black wool, and you have the body arranged. Loops of wool on either side of the small ball will serve for ears, a boot button for nose, green beads for eyes, a stitch or two for the mouth, and loose ends for whiskers. Two small pieces of cardboard covered with wool, and fixed on for paws and a plait of wool for a tail, serve to construct a simple but attractive and lovable mascot.

Diamonds in Commerce

Forty per cent of the world's output of diamonds is used for commercial purposes. Every good automobile contains parts which have been turned by the use of diamonds.

Wrong Belief

The buttercup got its name from a belief that its consumption increased the butter-producing quality of the cow's milk. But cows never eat buttercups.

As Women Know

Most husbands want to be thoughtful, tender and considerate. But so many things come between the wish and the fact.—American Magazine.

DOCTORS quite approve the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any ache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women; many have found them marvelous at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Nothing is impossible to industry.—Perlander.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

One man seeks justice while another flies from it.

A Borax Rinse

After washing, clothes should always be given a final Borax rinse. Half a cupful of 20 Mule Team Borax in this rinse water insures extra healthful cleanliness, for Borax is a mild antiseptic and deodorant.—Adv.

A rich man has many friends.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

A BABY REMEDY APPROVED BY DOCTORS FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, DIARRHEA

Helped at Change of Life

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

One Soap is all you need for Toilet Bath Shampoo

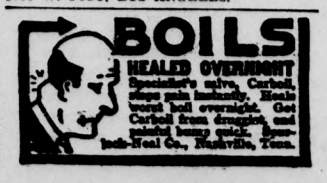
Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glistening, your entire body refreshed.

Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur. At druggists

Rohland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

GAS STATION, GARAGE AND LUNCH Main St., in good So. Calif. town. Est. prof. bus. Nets $300 mo. CENTRAL INV. CO., 3086 W. PICO, LOS ANGELES.



BOILS HEALED OVERNIGHT

Specialist's salve. Carbed. Stops pain instantly. Heals worst boil overnight. Get Carbed from druggist, and satisfied home quick. Poor-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

71%

IF YOU ARE AN AVERAGE INDIVIDUAL, seventy-one cents out of every dollar you earn is spent in this Community on the "every day business of living." Out of each dollar earned most of the other twenty-nine cents goes into savings, luxuries and incidentals RIGHT HERE.

You may not live within a stone's throw of the post office—your home may be miles out of town—but if you do business here you are as much a part of this Community as those who live within the corporate limits. You are spending your money here—enjoying its advantages—and national statistics show that the chances are 4 to 1 that when you move you will move into this Community.

National figures show that the average period of residence in one locality is fifteen years. More than 71% of your total income for fifteen years represents a large sum of money. It also represents your Community "investment."

Take a pencil and paper and figure just how much you have "invested" in this Community while living here. Think of how much more you are likely to "invest!"

It's a lot of money, isn't it? You're a larger "stockholder" in the town than you realized, aren't you?

Figuratively speaking, we are all "stockholders" in our "Community Corporation," and the business, professional and civic units are the "Guarantors."

Looked at in this light, it is important to sit up and take notice; to find out just what this "investment" has brought us and what the prospect is for future returns.

Vital? Important to you personally?

IT IS!

Last week a number evinced interest in this survey. It appears for the purpose of civic development, sponsored by the undersigned, without cost to the reader. Let us hear of your interest in the Community of

CAMPBELL

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WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

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CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
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Every Form of Insurance Except Life
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HALIWELL & JONES
GAS, OIL, HIGH PRESSURE LUBRICATION SERVICE
GOODYEAR TIRES—EXIDE BATTERIES
Opposite Schools Phone Campbell 111

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Physician and Surgeon
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Office and Residence, Phone Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
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Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 165
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
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Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

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Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month. Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Purmorts, Smiths And James Knappen Take In The Stockton Fair

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Smith and James Knappen enjoyed a delightful and interesting week-end trip to the "mother lode" country. Enroute they stopped at Stockton to view the stock show and horse races.

Going to San Andreas Sunday visits were made to such interesting points as Pardee dam, Mercer's caves, Mark Twain's cabin on Jackass hill, Tuttletown, Angels Camp, Sonora, Belmont Osborn gold mine and Jamestown. This trip through the old mining section, of such interest because of its romantic history, is also noted for its scenic value, varying from mine dumps to beautiful gardens, lawns and picturesque settings of pretty homes. In the little valleys where water is to be had, vegetables and flowers grow abundantly.

The party was particularly interested in the development of the Belmont-Osborn mine which is one of the latest prospects. It is but a short distance from Angels Camp and is under the direction of Superintendent Todd Elliott. This mine, although less than 100 feet in depth at present, shows remarkable possibilities. High grade ore is being taken out daily at a low cost. Some very fine specimens of free gold were shown in the quartz.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Dorothy Duncan visited Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. F. E. Duncan, and other relatives. Miss Duncan has nearly completed her course at the nurses training school at the St. Francis hospital in San Francisco.

Mrs. Pearl Powers and children left last Monday for a few days' visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Washburn, and family at Montara.

Miss Joyce Grebel of San Jose visited last week with the W. H. Gullick family. Last Monday the Gullicks and their guest motored to Santa Cruz to spend the day.

Miss Grace Bohnett has returned from a several days' visit in San Francisco.

The Misses Beatrice and Marion Cilker and Mabel Matteson are spending several days at Camp Wastahi in Big Basin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ryan of Redwood City were visiting Sunday with Mr. Ryans grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gard.

Mrs. Lewis Taylor and children of Dos Palos, who have been spending the summer in this vicinity, have gone to Seabright to spend a few days.

Mrs. E. Lasswell and small daughter of San Francisco spent last week with Mrs. Lasswell's sister, Mrs. Harvey Clendenning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Homen are taking an extended trip through the east.

Miles Standish and Harold Gardner have returned from an outing spent in Yosemite.

W. C. Rice of Tulare was visiting with his cousin, A. D. Rice, and family Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parso went fishing for bass Thursday at the mouth of the Salinas river.

Joseph Fleming of Trona was a visitor at the C. H. Whitman home Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Fore and children of Los Angeles, returned to their home Tuesday morning after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Mumma. Mrs. Fore and Mrs. Mumma are sisters.

Mr .and Mrs. E. J. Snow had for their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jensen of Oakland.

Mrs. May Beardsley spent a few days in San Jose last week with her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Rake.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Johnson and daughter of Oakland spent the week-end with the B. O. Curry family. Mrs. Curry is Mrs. Johnson's aunt.

Miss Clara Rice, who graduated from the local high school this Spring, will begin her course in nurses training in the County hospital Sept. 7. At the present time she is visiting Miss Ethel Jenkins in Santa Maria. Miss Rice is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Rice.

F. H. Cutting and son, accompanied by Mr. Cutting's mother, Mrs. Anna Cutting, returned Thursday afternoon from a ten days' vacation at Big Basin. While in the park Mr. Cutting made several sketches of the big trees.

Lorraine and Dell Gard of Watend in San Francisco.

Lorraine and Dell Gord of Watsonville are spending several days with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gard.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wightman left for their home in Portland Friday after spending the past two weeks with the former's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Wightman.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin, Sat., Aug. 17, a son.

Mrs. Ernest Snow left Friday for Oakland where she will visit for a few days.

S. F. Harris and Jennie Ellers have been visiting their sister and aunt for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnes and daughter, Harriet, spent the week-end at Turlock, attending a convention of salesmen for the Farm Automobile Insurance company.

Miss Clara Powers, who had been visiting friends and relatives in the bay district, returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Crews and Joseph Bohnett returned Sunday from a visit with the Walter Reichert family at Lower Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Fraser of Berkeley are spending a few days with Mrs. Evelyn Smith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wells returned from an outing at State Line, Lake Tahoe, Friday, and left Sunday for their home at Culver City, accompanied by their niece, Patsy Ann Lillingston.

Mrs. Hattie Baugh and little granddaughter spent Friday in Berkeley, visiting her son, Clive Baugh, and family.

John Church of Richmond and Mr. and Mrs. Lillingston of Orland were week-end guests of Mrs. Hattie Baugh.

George R. Stray of Ducor visited here for a few days last week, and also went up to Stanford where several of his former fellow students are taking summer work.

Mrs. H. P. Wilkins of Auburn, Wash., will arrive Saturday for a visit with her brother, H. C. Smith and family. She is making the trip by auto with friends who are driving to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. Schwartz of San Bernardino last Thursday, taking them to Big Basin. Mrs. Schwartz was formerly a co-teacher with Mrs. Purmort in southern Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Morgan and son of Pasedena, with Miss Wilma Snider of Los Angeles, spent the week-end with the J. A. Kelley family.

Miss Bertha Kelley and Miss Eleanor Richards of Oaklad are spending a few days at Hartsook inn on the Columbia highway.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander had for visitors last Wednesday Mrs. F. B. Carpenter and Mrs. G. W. Hallowell of San Francisco, and Mrs. Grace Meyers of San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander took them through the Ainsley packing house. It was a great treat, as they had never been through one before.

Mrs. Hugo Ehret, who has been spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Relfe, left yesterday for her home at Belleville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Watson, who have been enjoying their vacation here with the C. L. Watson and E. A. Barker families, will start today for their home at Tucson, Ariz.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Sawyer drove over from Oakdale Sunday and took the former's mother, Mrs. Anna Sawyer, to Casa Del Rey at Santa Cruz for dinner.

Miss Evelyn Voge returned to her school duties at Glenburn last week.

METHODIST CHURCH
W. C. Robins, Pastor

Sunday school opens at 9:45 with classes for all grades.

At 11, worship with sermon by pastor. A good choir leads the singing.

At 7 p. m., evening service with our young people leading the song service. Miriam Blaine in charge and Clayton Willis at the organ.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

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A thorough and complet course is offered pupils in the art of piano playing. Pupils may enter at at any time. Supervised practice may be arranged for.
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Plenty of hot water the instant you want it, saves your time for pleasure

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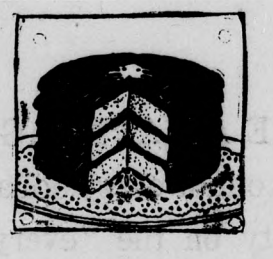

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You have your choice of many flavors, including pineapple, butterscotch, caramel nut, chocolate, walnut—and others.

Our cakes are pure and wholesome, and provide real nourishment.

Made with the same thoughtful care that you would exercise in your own kitchen.

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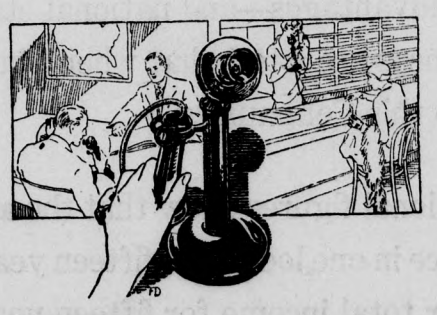

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YOW!
OW-W!
QUICK! RUN TO MISSUS DUGAN'S HOUSE - THE PUMP! THE PUMP!
NOW - DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO SLIDE WITH MATCHES IN YOUR HIP POCKET!